# THIS WEEK-END: "GREEN GROW THE LILACS"

# THE CARMELITE

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## LINCOLN STEFFENS

### HIS COLUMN

The President of the United States confirmed officially last week The Carmelite's news announcement three weeks ago that The Turn has come. He said it in his speech from the throne, at the conference of industrial, banking and business leaders who are making a five-year-plan for the U. S. A. Mr. Hoover's phrase for The Turn was "We have overcome the major financial crisis."

¶

It takes some nerve to say that. I know, because when I did it, I hesitated a week or so, realizing that to declare as a fact what I did not and could not know called for courage, hope, faith, strong wishing and a lot of luck. And it still does call for those virtues. But our President has them, he, too. For, even today, the belief that the next boom is on is little more than a hunch, a fair betting proposition, but very good news and awfully practical politics in a Presidential campaign. It puts the Democrats where they have to hope and wait for a slump in stocks and a set-back to prosperity. No wonder they are silent, like Frank Sheridan, when I shout: "Hoover! HOOVER FOREVER!"

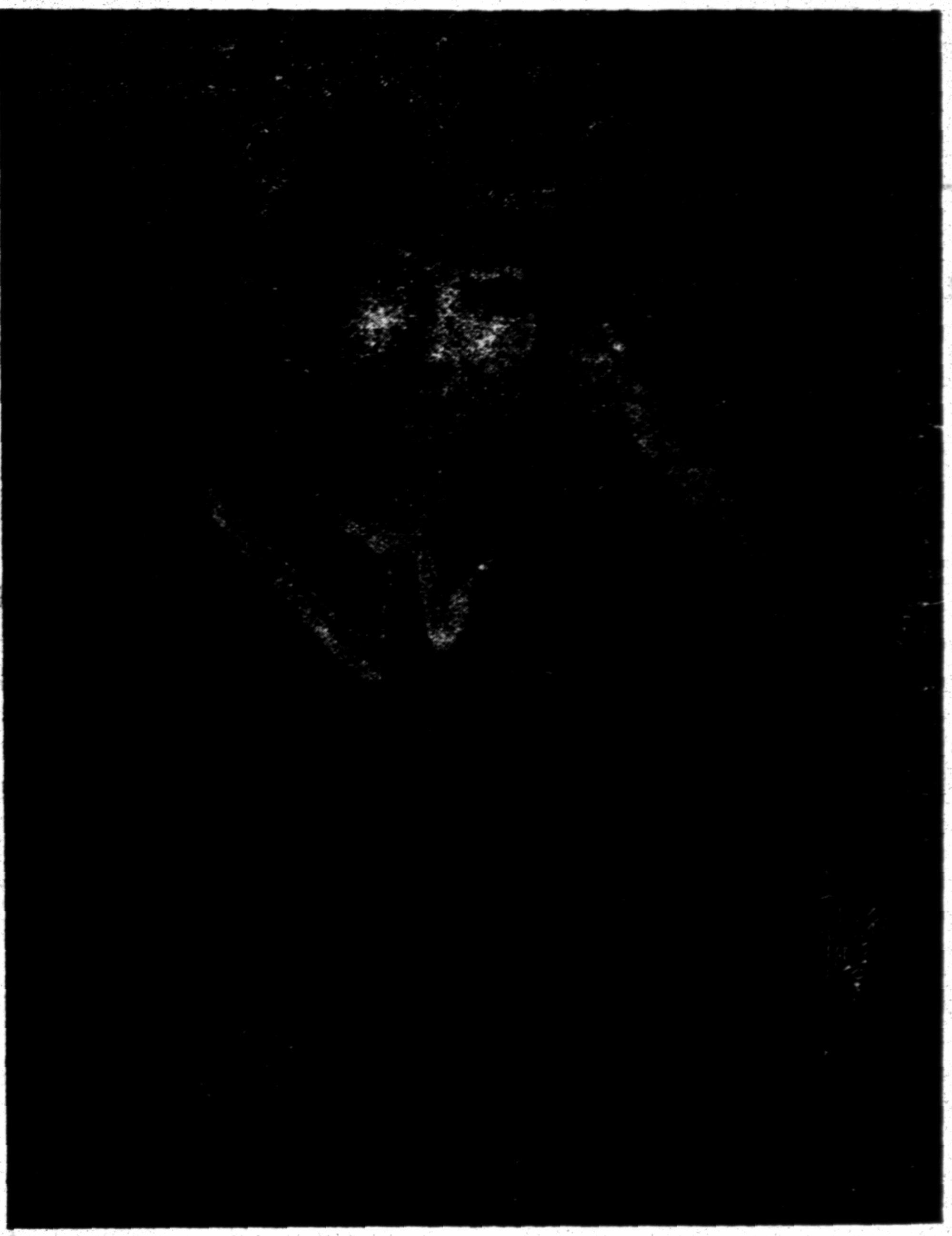
¶

The trouble with writing as an art is that you can't write a laugh visibly out loud.

¶

So much for world news. The local news in that on Saturday our Library Trustees have to decide what to do with that red literature offered so freely but so ungenerously by those Reed Club insects, who, by the way, have increased from eight to sixteen or seventeen, about one hundred per cent. They have offered not only their blooming literature, but petitions, letters, reason, law, the Constitution—everything we hate—to back their gift. And their efforts have inspired answers from the other side, from the people who want to protect our children. I got a swat over the knuckles in the *melee*. The "Pine Cone" proves that I was wrong; again. Perry Newberry

————continued on page four



*Miriam Soloveff ten-year-old violinist who gave a Carmel audience the surprise of a lifetime at the orchestral concert last Sunday. She returns next week for a concert.*

## Carmel and the Primaries: 50 Per Cent Vote

Fifty per cent of Carmel's registered voters turned out for the primaries Tuesday and turned in a score card showing, on the town's aggregate vote, fifty per cent winners.

In the major contests Carmel favored Shortridge and McAdoo, Free, Tickle, Thomsen and Jacobsen, three winners and three losers.

From a local standpoint, the outstanding victory was Edward H. Tickle's walk-away in the state senatorial contest. Having won on both tickets Tickle's victory is equivalent to election. In Carmel Tickle received a total vote of 452 against 134 for his only opponent, Dr. John Roberts.

Andrew Jacobsen, defeated candidate for supervisor, lead the sucessful incumbent, A. A. Caruthers, by four votes. A sizeable majority was given John Thomsen in the assembly contest.

The tally showed two Socialists, no Prohibitionists.

Details of the vote appear on page two.

He Stays?!!

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CHUALAR

SATURDAY NIGHT

## HOW CARMEL VOTED

| | Rep. | Dem. |
|---|---|---|
| U. S. Senator: | | |
| Shortridge | 165 | 3 |
| Tubbs | 144 | 4 |
| McAdoo | 3 | 84 |
| Crail | 66 | 3 |
| Wardell | — | 47 |
| Shuler | 24 | 18 |
| Free | 3 | 1 |
| Abbott | — | 3 |
| Hale | — | 4 |
| McCarthy | — | 12 |
| Congress: | | |
| Free | 240 | 2 |
| Hendricks | 148 | 3 |
| McGrath | 21 | 123 |
| State Senate: | | |
| Tickle | 307 | 145 |
| Youngsworth | 14 | — |
| Roberts | 96 | 38 |
| Assembly: | | |
| Thomsen | 243 | 117 |
| Patterson | 113 | 46 |

(Also 2 Socialist votes)

Supervisor:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jacobsen | 221 |
| Caruthers | 217 |
| Ollason | 124 |
| Patrick | 18 |

The Vote by Precincts:

| | Rep. | Dem. | O.P.* | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 150 | 49 | 2 | 201 |
| 2 | 155 | 67 | 1 | 223 |
| 3 | 50 | 31 | 1 | 82 |
| 4 | 71 | 44 | 1 | 11 |

*O.P.—other Parties: 3 Socialist; 2 non-partisan.

Total vote cast: 622.

Total registration: About 1200.

(The Carmelite has been requested by State-Senator-elect Edward H. Tickle to express his appreciation of the support accorded him.)

## CONCERT

Miriam Soloveff, child violinist (pictured on the cover of this issue) is to appear in concert at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Friday evening of next week. Her program will include the Handel Sonata in D Major, Paganini Concerto, Bach's E Major Prelude, and pieces by Ernest Bloch and Wienaski.

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## "ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR" NEXT WEEK-END

With a capable committee hard at work on details, the street fair to be held next week-end as an unemployment benefit is rapidly taking shape.

The latest addition to the list of novel attractions is a horned-toad race—an idea borrowed from the Cherokee Indians. A "stable" of trained toads is being imported for the occasion.

Sponsors will be sought for entrants in the race, each sponsor paying a small fee which will go in part to the Employment Commission. Promoter of this unusual form of entertainment is Jack Bartlett, quarter Cherokee Indian.

Street vaudeville, dancing, mystery booths and all the trimmings of a carnival will be in evidence. The scene will be Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh, with a possible overflow.

* * *

Filipinos of Carmel, with a contingent from the Salinas valley, will stage an entertainment in the old auditorium, Sunset School, on Saturday evening, September seventeenth, in aid of the Carmel Unemployment Fund.

Orchestral and instrumental solo numbers will be on the program, together with Filipino adaptations of Spanish dances. Adding further variety, there will be a debate, Carmel vs. Salinas, on the question of Prohibition in the Philippines.

The program has been arranged by the Rev. Willis G. White, who has more or less adopted *en masse* the local Filipino colony, seeing to their welfare, supervising their sports and in general keeping a paternal eye on them.

## EXHIBIT

The Denny-Watrous exhibition of oils, water colors and monotypes by Burton S. Boundey of Monterey closes next Wednesday. It is followed by a showing of thirty decorative water color landscapes by Gordena Parker of Berkeley. Miss Parker's work is done in a high color key, individual in technique. Her exhibit has been recently shown in San Francisco at Gelber Lilienthal Book Shop.

## POST OFFICE HOLIDAYS

Carmel postoffice, in common with others throughout the country will be closed all day next Monday, Labor Day. On Admission Day—Friday, September ninth—service windows will close at one o'clock.

Carmel banks will, as usual, observe the holidays.

## FIRST INDEPENDENT CONCERT OF PENINSLA ORCHESTRA

A recital by the Peninsula Orchestra under the direction of Michel Penha last Sunday evening brought to a close his work in Carmel for the present. The orchestra will continue its work in his absence, however. He has conferred with the director of his choice in San Francisco who will be here Friday evening for the next rehearsal.

The program for last Sunday's recital was an evidence of how much can be accomplished in a short time, provided serious work is done. The orchestra played several short numbers to begin with, a lovely Grieg selection and a Spanish-flavored Granados. Penha has aroused such enthusiasm among those with whom he has worked, that he is able to impress them immediately with his own fine interpretation of the music. He has a delightful way with them; easy, humorous but intense and sincere.

The Bach Double Concerto which was played several weeks ago, was repeated and again played with vitality and understanding. Susie Pipes and Hubert Sorenson do beautiful work in this number. It was a privilege to hear them once more.

The Mozart Concerto for violin and viola was also played again. Weiss and Sorenson play against each other in this music in a perfect interweaving of melody. The theme is handed from one to the other simply and with fine sensitivity. The orchestra was handled in such a way as to leave these two voices free yet admirably supported.

* * *

The surprise of the evening was the appearance of the child Miriam Soloveff. She is ten years old and already a violinist of remarkable technique. She played a selection from the symphony Espagnole by Lalo, which we think of in terms of Heifetz or Kreisler. The gypsy airs by Sarasate called for miracles from those little fingers. The audience scarcely breathed. This was not the usual child prodigy but a real little musician with a deep love of music. We are told that she came to Carmel at the end of a five week's vacation during which she didn't touch her violin. She is to play a concert at the Gallery on September ninth; a real child with a sturdy look about her. This will be an event to look forward to. Miriam is a pupil of Carol Weston who is asociated with Kathleen Parlow. Her great natural gift added to excelent teaching has made her what she is, and will be.

## A MUSICAL AWAKENING

The quartet has left. The concerts are over. A lovely thing has ended. But we had it, that lovely thing, and we knew while we had it that it was lovely. And whether or not next summer brings it to us again, we know that we are different because of it, and so is Carmel. And so, for some of us, is music.

You who know music can not guess the wistfulness of us others who hang about the walls of the temple watching the worshippers enter. And now we have been taken as far as the outer court of the temple and have begun to understand why you worship. And that is something.

The rehearsals did it. When we heard music repeated week after week, when we saw it, as it might be a structure, built up before us, we began to wake and to become aware. A new thing quickened. . . . And we flocked, all of us, to those rehearsals! All ages came, and their faces, in the softened light had the same look, and became quiet and beautiful as they listened, all touched with the same feeling. A new solidarity was revealed. And the young creatures went home in the darkness singing bits from Bach and Mozart instead of—what was the awful thing last summer?—"A Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store."

A great deal has happened and will happen in that Denny-Watrous Gallery that we have grown to love so. Pictures and sculpture and talk, music and singing and dancing and talk, new ideas and old purposes and talk. In the old days we talked under the pine trees on Ocean Avenue and settled our destinies and planned our plans and fought our fights. The pine trees are too full of automobiles now, and we come—do we realize how naturally?—to the Gallery. There is always someone there, animated and responsive. There is a quick bit of discussion, an eager bit of planning; something kindles and takes hold. Here is a new artist with a portfolio; there is Edith Dickinson talking Music Society plans; Henry Cowell comes in, looking as if the world had just been created and he had been there to see it; Mr. Steffens saunters in and a remark seems to saunter out from his mouth so softly that one doesn't know one has been hit. Some one has a poem, some one wants only to sit still for a moment and watch and think. They are all at home in the Gallery and they are finding there in a new guise something they had loved in old Carmel, and that they had feared was lost forever when old Carmel turned new.

—SUSAN PORTER

LOST—A brown caracul scarf outside the Denny Watrous Gallery, Sunday evening around ten o'clock. Reward offered. Notify P. O. Box 500.

CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

"GREEN GROW THE LILACS"

SEPT. 2 3 4

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THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN ——— *Editor and Publisher*
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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.***

## Lincoln Steffens --- *continued*

says that I am not the only one who wishes the kids to learn everything, especially the things we grown-ups don't know. He says Tom Soth has the same wish and said so. The secretary of the John Reed Club doesn't admit that, "Not exactly," but never mind. I am crushed professionally and elated personally by the letter from Robert I. Blees, a summer renter, fourteen years old, who writes that he would like to read red literature and find out about all matters of importance so as to form his own opinion. I know Robert Blees; he's the son of some foreigners from Michigan who do not protect their children as our best families do. But it shows, just the same, that some children might be curious enough to read Communist instead of pure Republican literature. It is an emergency and something must be done. The "Pine Cone" advises the Library Board to table the whole proposition.

I object. That would be a victory for the sheep and make the glad goats mad. I have a better suggestion. Perry Newberry is an honest man, a sincere idealist who truly represents our childhood; not the first, perhaps, but our second, and it's our second childhood that needs protection. I am for that, too. I don't want us old folks disturbed. And I am not an honest man. As an honest crook I will tell the trustees what to do: what all us statesmen and politicians do in crises; what both our great parties did in their conventions this year: straddle. Why not accept the book offered and reject the newspapers, just as we Republicans stood for some wet and some dry. That isn't honest, but it's practical and representative,. and nobody could claim a victory, nobody but me and the Library Board. Everybody else will be licked speechless.

¶

The Hoover boom is on. We Republicans must claim it whether it is his or not. And we must claim that the depression was not his. It can be done. Even that can be put over. And it is better than any reasonable reasons for "Hoover Forever." If the boom keeps up and we work it right, we can, by October, make it seem like treason even to consider Roosevelt and the Democrats.

¶

What worries some of us trick Republicans is whether stocks can be kept going up till election day. The rate of the rise is pretty rapid. Stocks are going up faster than money is coming down. The public may not notice that and the Democrats don't seem to either. My hope is that the necessary reactions of the market will be timed to look as if this came after Roosevelt speeches and Democratic gains. Wall Street may be glad to hear from this column that we are making progress in Carmel. People who hated Hoover hotly a couple of weeks ago, are less hateful now and they have not all bought stocks. Most of them are sincere patriots and I think that by fall Carmel will unanimously for Hoover and us forever.

¶

It works; I tried it. My neighbor was down on Hoover like a watered stock. He still is, but like the stock, not so low down. He denied that he would by November, vote for our man. I remonstrated: "Do you mean that you would hold up the boom and prosperity just for a principle?" He was silent, and, thoughtful, he walked away.

¶

Another disarmament conference of the great powers, etc. has broken up; and in a fight, too. . Human nature? No. Just a mixture of dishonesty, ignorance and a sound instinct. We can't lay down weapons, and their costs, till we have, first, dealt with the causes of war and planned peace.

¶

Giannini, the resurrected banker, says also, that California is the white spot in the depression. We never got it as the East and Europe have had it.

¶

It is great to see how the Japanese learn from us. They are proposing now a Monroe Doctrine for Asia. They understand what a lot of Americans do not understand: that the Monroe Doctrine is that no one but us shall conquer and run other American countries. The Japanese doctrine of Asia for for Asiatics will mean no one but Japan shall butt into Asia; Manchuria now; later China, Siberia and India.

¶

Man's leisure is coming. The five-day week movement is gathering momentum like the boom. And the employers will be paying wages as for six days. Not for humane reasons. The mass consumers must be paid enough to buy what the mass producers have to sell. But won't it be nice to have everybody enjoying two days a week as much leisure as we have seven days a week, us nice people. I do hope they won't waste their time as some of us do in bridge, golf, drink and politics—politics of music, I mean.

¶

What luck! A Los Angeles man named Wm. C. Keim trained himself till he was such an enthusiast for gun-play that he taught his three children to shoot too. And then—after years of expectation, waiting, and preparing—two bandits with their two molls held him up in his automobile. He shot both bandits and lost only a windshield. But that's by the way. His joy triumphant is that he stands justified of his hopeful devotion to his gun and his children; who, also by the way, may now understand why their daddy made them work so hard and regularly at that boring fad of his. The moral is: be a nut; but don't collect stamps; not in this day and age.

¶

The papers announce that the railroad and the ferries are going to let the government build the bridge across the Golden Gate. Isn't that generous of them and bully for us? I can sometimes hardly understand why some malcontents talk about dictatorships over here.

¶

Germany, a leading country, is shooting its way to its dictatorship, Right or Left; probably right. Democracy and Republicanism are about over there as here. They know it over there. We are not so aware of our progress.

¶

We all know why a Left dictatorship is needed, and a Right: Well, businessmen are asking for a Right dictatorship because they cannot govern themselves and resist the greedy temptations of power in competition. If you doubt that suggest to a captain of industry that we get rid of the Interstate Commerce Commission or any regulatory arm of the government. You will hear a "no, no" and see fear in the great man's face, fearing himself.

¶

Who told my little boy that nakedness was naughty! What beastly grown-up or corrupted child put the false notion of "good taste" into his head?

¶

Good taste, to which good people appeal, is, like them: no good. It's an obstacle to art; it's a hardening of something that should flow easily, changing with the stream of art which runs along with life.

# *A Sunny Depression*

*by* EUNICE T. GRAY

When the Korbel mill in Humboldt county was running full force, the town housed over a thousand men. The warehouse at the head of the little street was piled high with every article of merchandise that could possibly be needed in the community. Across the street between the post office and the mill stood the offices of the Northern Redwood Lumber Company, whose windows look down the two blocks of workmen's houses, past the big hotel with its hospitable verandas and straight through the single high arch of an unusually handsome concrete bridge which spans the Mad River.

Two other groups of houses stand on the low slopes of the hills which form the east and south sides of the Korbel valley; to the west and north the hills are steep, high and thickly forested so that the town lies in a deep green bowl which is tipped to admit the sun early and into which the twilight shadows drop quickly at the end of the long work day. The public hall, the bunk houses, the long rows of garages all show provision for a busy community; near the river stands huge barns and cattle corrals, weighing scales and a loading platform by the little railroad which runs from the camp to Eureka.

But by far the busiest place on Korbel's main street was the cook house where in two dining rooms and a long kitchen, equipped for serving more than three hundred men, cooks and dishwashers prepared food, dispensed food and cleared away food from five in the morning until eight at night. In the old days the cook-house competed with the mill behind it, in activity and noise but even the clatter of pots and pans, dishes and boilers and the loud laughter of men as they filed out, well fed and in high good humor, could not drown the whirr and buzz of the great saws at the mill, the creak and squeal of pulleys and cranes, and the puff-puff of the little engines as they hauled great logs down from the hillsides and carried them out when cut, to be loaded on schooners at Eureka.

Two years ago Korbel and its neighboring town, Riverside, were indeed in "The Valley of the Giants" and although the company stills own great tracts of fine timber for miles around the valley, still feeds stock on its wide ranges and keeps its well stocked store open for the benefit of the community; its activity is like a thin flute note in contrast to the great symphony of whistle and saw, rumble and roll, shout and laugh, chopping and crash which have been going on along the Mad River for nearly a half of a century.

The whistle still blows at six forty-five, twelve and five but instead of an army of men working hard for high wages and enjoying many ways of spending it, now, not more than fifty men go quietly to their posts at the planing mill or to the yard to load the last of thousands of orders for "redwood clear." Cement and structural steel were already crowding back the lumber companies when the general depression closed the mills and threw men out of work who had never known an idle day since they had drawn their first pay check.

Korbel is quiet. The lumber company has shut down. The great saws are silent and the mill pond is empty and lies like a great topaz in the bottom of the emerald bowl of the Korbel hills. At twilight the sprawling grey roofs of the old mill form a wrought silver setting for it and it gleams and glows in the rapidly changing lights of the sunset sky.

Here, in this Paul Bunyan background, the drama of life still goes on for five hundred people but it is all keyed down to the long hours of daylight without paid work, the Sunday quiet of long holidays, to the serious tone of unemployment. Soon the planing mill will close and the only men sure of their pay are the postmaster and the mail carrier, the store-keeper, who handles his work single-handed, the watchman and—we hope—the cook.

We have spent several weeks in Korbel and we have walked and visited in many parts of the town. We have yet to find a depressed or discontented man and we have yet to see an idle one. As a cure for depression, Korbel furnishes a remarkable tonic and restorative.

Whether it is due to the good management of the company who have permitted their discharged workers to remain rent free in the company houses until they find work elsewhere, and to use all the wood they will cut; whether it is the natural reliability and resourcefulness of the workers in Korbel, or whether it is the gentle tonic climate and great natural beauty of this valley or whether it is all three, it is certain that Korbel has met the situation which seems to have stunned or stupified the rest of the world, with philosophic calmness.

Unconsciously, perhaps, the people of Korbel have weighed the values of life in this crisis. The toys they played with so heartily for the past few years have proved light weight against the protection and joy of home, of families remaining together, of contact with the soil, doing the little jobs neglected in their busier days, and of the simple pleasures of picnics, fishing, errands to the neighbors with home grown fruit, vegetables and flowers.

Four generations of Scandanavians, Italians, Scotch, and Irish have labored in these mills and they are loath to exchange the quiet security here for restless seeking elsewhere, so, making every effort to add to their small savings, both men and women are finding small pieces of work to do and there is an atmosphere of contented activity.

* * *

There is no inertia in Korbel.

As we walk past the neat gardens of the town we find the men gardening; fine crops of lettuce, beans, peas, raspberries and all the root vegetables fill at least half of the plot of ground around the home; the other half is gay with sweet peas, roses lilies, canterbury bells, godetia and the varied shades of sweet williams such as I have never seen. Wood ferns and sword ferns freshen the doorways and in several places there were carefully tended grass plots where the babies and pets romped together.

At one house the father was mending the old Ford and converting the seats into a bed for a prospective camping and fishing trip, while the mother and children were harvesting the vegetables to provide food for the trip. At another house the entire family had been blackberrying and twenty quarts of preserves set in the window at the end of the day. Our cook and his charming dignified little Finnish wife had, a year ago, when the clouds began to gather, wisely put their savings into a small ranch far up in the Houpa Valley.

There is an old house on it and fruit started, so, if the cook house closes they will have work and a roof till they can return to regular wages. Another family, anxious to keep their growing children in school and well fed, have begun the purchase of a small dairy ranch two miles from Korbel. Fortunately, gentleman farming and dude ranches have not invaded this district and there is still land to be had at moderate prices and easy terms.

——————*continued on page six*

## KORBEL *concluded*

The hotel, once a lively summer resort, has been entirely renovated and is as fresh and attractive as if it housed a hundred but except for the managers, a half dozen of "the mill boys," and my sister and I, its high cool rooms are vacant.

Perhaps the most constructive work is being done by the county librarian who in a large airy room over the hall, keeps books and magazines circulating in a group who have hitherto had little leisure for reading. "I like to keep fresh flowers in the room and plenty of pictures on the walls," she said, "for so many men come in who are at a loss how to use their time and they find pleasure in this room, lose themselves in a book, and I think, often find encouragement and incentive in some of the magazie articles"

So, in Korbel, where the electric plant is closed, where the radio is disconnected and the electric sweeper is stilled, and where there are no moving pictures, it may be we will find the first signs of real thinking—perhaps out of Korbel, a melting pot of the best of the world's metals there will come the great, the longed for guide, not the dictator but the Leader of men.

At least the men and women in this community are learning lessons of mutual helpfulness, they are finding worthwhile things in life, that idleness need not corrode, mind and spirit can be active and that hands and minds can find new forms of expression and new ways of life.

Is this a Pollyana picture of an unemployment situation? If it is—no one would call it that in Korbel. It is all in the day's work—this crisis in history. To us, who look on, it seems a gentle depression filled with sunshine.

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## Correspondence

### THE LIBRARY

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Beauty—beauty superimposed upon beauty to constitute a vision of perfection; it is so the painter finds Carmel. But there is ugliness here, too—not nature's contribution—the work of man.

Mr. Murphy's planing mill makes an ugly noise, the library is an ugly thing to look upon; contained upon its shelves is untold ugliness.

A recent addition, heralded as a best seller, might likely be considered the ugliest volume to be found upon those shelves. That work, the "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," is not only ugly, it is vulgar, obscene, demoralizing and debasing.

The bold and frank manner with which Mr. Steffens confesses his interest and intimacy with horse-racing during his early life is ugly and dangerous for youthful readers, his manner when describing an abnormal cerebral prolapsis of a great American president is vulgar, a New York ghetto description is obscene, a boastful relating of how a Los Angeles district attorney was outwitted and justice defeated is demoralizing, and the protective leniency for proven criminals with which the book is permeated is debasing and counter to our fixed conception of justice.

Having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Steffens on one or two occasions makes it the more difficult to associate a work so inherently ugly as this autobiography with its author, for he appears to be a lovable and kindly person and seemingly quite intelligent. Only through a confession contained in the book is it possible to account for this unassimilable contradiction. Only when we consider that Mr. Steffens was born in San Francisco, south of Market street is it possible to realize how the man-child, beholding daily those sordid, base conditions so prevalent in the poorer sections of great cities, adopted those morbid interpretations of acts, otherwise unpardonable; and eventually arrived at conclusions so irreconcilable with our present culture.

These and many similar conditions are evident throughout the volume; still that book occupies a place upon a shelf of our library, to exert its corrupting influence upon the docile and unwary mind of some unfortunate innocent who might otherwise have remained a loyal American.

Let us hope that the noble trustees and all those others whose discriminating judgments are concerned will take the necessary steps to correct this matter or place that "Autobiography" on a higher shelf where at least the youth of Carmel will be unable to reach it.

—David Alberto

*(John Reed Club Correspondence)*

On August third the John Reed Club made an offer to the Carmel Public Library of certain publications. A mistake on the part of the Librarian in giving the time of the meeting led to a month's postponement of consideration of the offer. Special meetings are frequently called by the Board, but two requests by the John Reed Club for a special meeting were denied.

On September third, the Trustees meet to consider the offer. They have had a month to read the publications and refer to the procedure of other libraries. Berkeley University Library takes "The Daily Worker," "Communist," and "International Press Correspondence." Other libraries are not in the habit of refusing gifts of literature of a political economic or sociological nature. The only literature not stocked by American libraries as a matter of principle is obscene literature or that forbidden in the mails. The periodicals offered by the club come under neither of these heads.

Among periodicals to be found in the Carmel Public Library are organs of the United States Chamber of Commerce,, the P. G. and E., the League of Nations and peace societies; Catholic, Christian Science, Rosicrucian, Theosophical and Protestant organs, and newspapers and books representing the Republican, Democratic and Socialist parties or expressing their viewpoints.

The John Reed Club has not protested the taking of any of these periodicals. It is glad to have people read them and make up their minds about the points of view they represent.

The publications now offered the Library as a free gift are:

William Z. Foster: "Toward Soviet America." Foster is American Communist candidate for president.

"Soviet Russia Today," an illustrated monthly showing what is happening in the Soviet Union; "Daily Worker" and "Western Worker," national and Pacific Coast organs of the Communist Party of America; "New Masses," monthly magazine; and "Labor Defender," organ of the International Labor Defense.

A Library practice has been to accept books demanded by more than ten people. Some seventy have signed a request to the Library to accept the publications offered by the Club.

## CENTURIES-OLD WEALTH IN THE CARMEL HILLS

Carmel building stone has a splendid commercial future if properly handled, in the opinion of Dr. E. W. Galliher, field geologist for the State Division of Mines. Dr. Galliher has spent the past three years in this vicinity going over the ground, and is fully qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject

"Great interest has been shown in southern California and throughout the country in Carmel building stone," he said. "I have talked the matter over with several eastern architects, and after studying the field thoroughly myself, feel that there is a splendid opportunity here for a national market if the project is properly handled.

Regarding the characteristics of Carmel stone he said:

"There are stones of various qualities, depending upon the way that they were formed, which occurred some twenty-five million years ago."

He explained that at one time Monterey bay covered all of what is now Salinas valley, Pajaro valley and the interior extending as far south as San Luis Obispo, this large inland sea being inclosed by a peninsula made up of the Santa Lucia range of mountains.

"There was a peculiar thing about life in this basin," he went on, "in that it was especially adapted to sustaining the life of minute organisms, small floating plants called diatoms, the shells of which are composed of a siliceous material, or opal. The shells of these dead animals with a great amount of debris washed from the surrounding highlands formed a deposit with a high silica content on the sea floor.

"It is this silica which gives the stone its chalk-like appearance, and leads to the commonly applied term 'chalk rock.' Carmel stone is not like chalk which is lime carbonate. It is an entirely different material and the term 'chalk rock' should not be applied to it."

Dr. Galliher went on to explain that after the debris and diatoms had formed this deposit across the floor of the sea, the land slowly had a general uplift and the water was pushed out so that in the course of approximately five to ten million years the rocks were lifted and tilted until now many of them are found one thousand feet high in such places as the San Carlos ranch, and other parts being even higher.

"In Carmel valley, which was a small part of this bigger basin, debris settling to the sea floor tended to be coarse or fine according to the fundamental rule that the nearer you go to the source of sediment the coarser the material will be. For this reason we have Carmel stone which is of varying qualities in gong from one quarry to another.

"All of the stones vary in color tone, as this depended principally on ground water solutions which stained the rock after the rising of the sea floor."

In discussing a national market for the local stone Galliher stated that the first move necessary would be some sort of co-operative organization among the quarrymen so that they could fix a scale of prices and standardize the quality of stone to be sold under the same trade name.—"HERALD" (Monterey).

## LIBRARY NEWS NOTES

*by* HORTENSE BERRY, *Librarian*

The following figures showing the increased use of the library and decrease in financial support during the past four years should be of interest to many of our citizens:

| Taxes assessed: | | Circulation of books |
|---|---|---|
| 1929: | 9,538.61 | 39,738 |
| 1930 | 9,288.70 | 55,485 |
| 1931 | 8,536.13 | 72,514 |
| 1932 | 7,192.42 | 81,838 |

And inspite of the obvious inconsistency the tax has this week been still further reduced. So enjoy the following list of new books as they will be few and far between from now on.

New books at the library include two dozen recent fiction titles and the following non-fiction.

Bonn: The Crisis of Capitalism in America.
Cross: A Picture of America
Douglas: The Coming of a New Party
Hale: Challenge to Defeat
Hocking: The Spirit of World Politics
Huxley: A Scientific Among Soviets
Marie: A Princess in Exile
Nomad: Rebels and Renegades
Pidgeon: Around the World Single Handed
Matthes: Geologic History of the Yosemite Valley
Russell: One Hundred Years in Yosemite
Tresidder: The Trees of Yosemite
Wilson: The Essential Shakespeare
Wood and Dansdill: Byways to Health

## CALIFORNIA TREES

California's great variety of trees is being demonstrated by the scores of splendid photographic studies being received at the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum, Golden Gate Park, in response to the announcement in June of a "California Trees Photographic Competition" to be held under the joint auspices of the Save-the-Redwoods League and the California Conservation Committee of The Garden Club of America. Entries close early in September and cash prizes will be awarded winners a month later. Beginning September twenty-first an exhibition of the best of the entries will be held at the de Young Museum, San Francsco; a travelling exhibit will later be sent throughout the United States to various Garden Club units.

Details of the competition may be had at The Carmelite office.

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Lunch
11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m
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Sunday Dinner
50c 75c
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AND..
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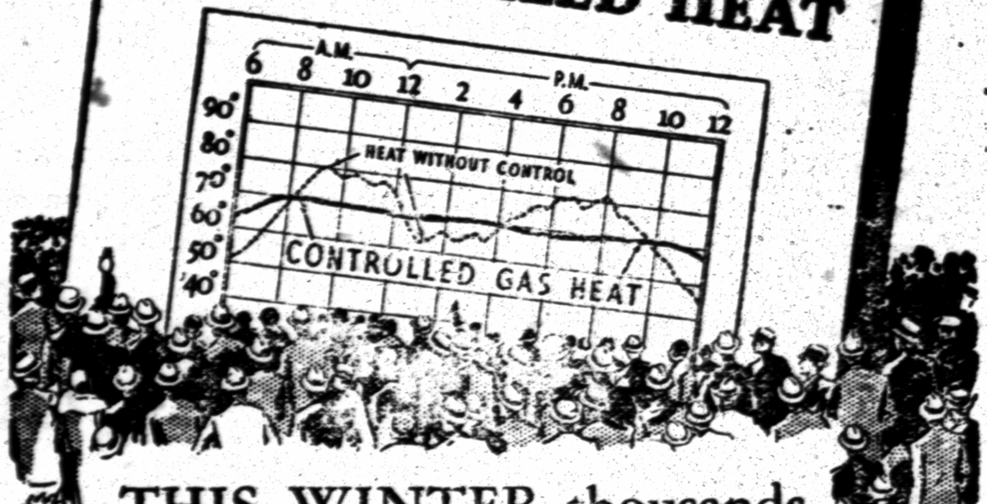

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## "GREEN GROW THE LILACS"

*by* JAMES BROUGHTON

This week-end the cowboys will ride behind the footlights when the Carmel Community Playhouse presents Lynn Riggs' great Oklahoma love drama, "Green Grow the Lilacs," with a cast of Carmel's outstanding actors and a host of riding men from the Carmel hills.

The wide open spaces, the jovial, simple life of the cowboys, and the songs and romance of the plains make this play of the Indian Territory in 1900 a a delightful and refreshing experience in the theatre. "Green Grow the Lilacs" was a great success in New York when the Theatre Guild presented it, and with the excellent production assembled and directed by Galt Bell for performances tomorrow, Saturday and Sunday, Carmel theatre-goers should find the play thoroughly enjoyable.

Sibyl Leonard, experienced professional actress and dancer, and star of the Forest Theater production of "Salome" is cast as the innocent maid of the west, Laurey. Her cowboy lover, Curley McClain, who sings most of the day, is played by Blackie O'Neal.

In the role of Ado Annie is Ruth Marion Poor, daughter of George Marion, and Carmel's foremost comedienne, while the part of Aunt Eller is acted by "Teddy" Smith, who delighted audiences recently with her portrayal of Mrs. Wiggs. The villain, Jester Fry, is in the hands of Albert Leon Van Houtte.

The cowboy element comprises such noted cowpunchers and bull-doggers as Tex Raibourn, of the Fish Ranch; Johnnie Scott, Henry Morales, Nick Radcliff, Roy Wall, Lynn Hodges, Bill Radcliff, Johnnie Middlesworth, Charley Riley, Eddie Capon and Leo Radcliff. Their spirited singing during the action of the play and in the *entre-actes* is an important feature of the production.

Girls of the company are Jean Dresser, Sis Reamer, Buddy Henley, Marjorie Middlesworth, California Andrews, Ann Whitehorn, Grace Raibourn, Jane Matzke, and Adelaide Whitehorn.

Others in the long cast are David Matzke, Ross Cowen and Dave Davis. For the difficult business of directing the music of the play, Galt Bell has had the valuable services of Fenton P. Foster. He has arranged and conducted the many cowboy songs which tie together the action of the drama.

Tickets, starting at fifty cents, may be had opposite the post office or at the theatre.